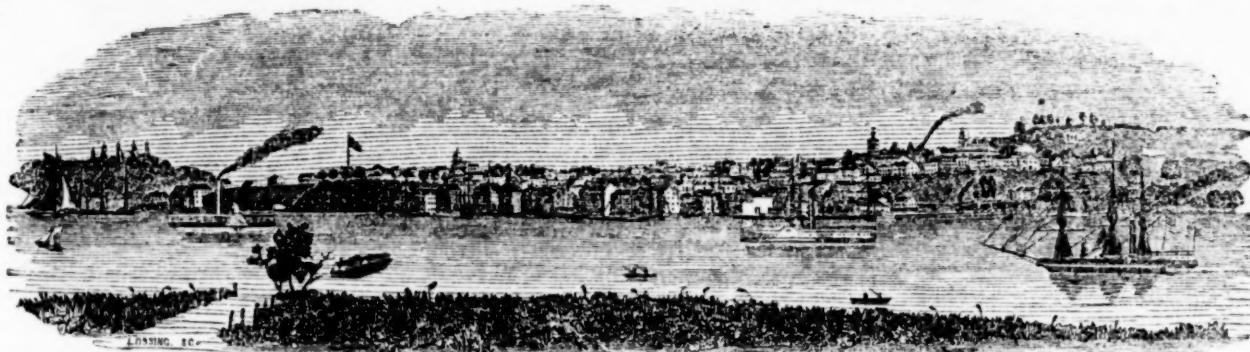


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THE LOAFER.



"I HAINT no home on earth,
Nor no where else I sposse;
Misfortune follows me
Wherever 'boutz I goes.
I sposse that when I dies
From Satan I'll be driven,
And made to lonf about
Outside the walls of Heaven;
With none to take me in—
No friendly hand to greet me—
None to cheer me up—
And not a darned soul to treat me!"

THERE IS IN all modern communities a certain nondescript class, who for the want, we suppose, of a better name, are generally classed together under the head of *Loafers*. What was the first origin of this name we are at loss to discern. The term has become far too general in its use, to permit us now

to limit its signification to any specific meaning, and is applied daily to a large proportion of humanity, too large, indeed, to allow us to look upon them with that contempt with which they have in former years been regarded. Loafers have become quite a powerful element of the body politic, and woe to any mistaken aspirant for popular fame, who shall disdain their potent aid in furthering his ambitious projects—a body so large, and possessing in its constituents parts so many individual characteristics, may easily be divided into a number of classes, some of which we shall endeavor to name for the gratification of our readers. Should we be required to point out any individual who might safely be termed a Loafer of the first class, and who should, at the same time, combine a fair representation of the whole genus, we would select a bar-room politician. You will find any one of these worthies to be in fact, laziness personified, and this we take it, is the one great peculiarity which separates the tribe of Loafers from the rest of their brethren of the human family; too idle to work, and not often possessed of the gifts of fortune in such abundance as would enable them to live entirely without labor, these individuals, by making themselves useful in the "small business" of politicks, generally contrive to insinuate themselves into some petty office where there is something to *get* and little or nothing to *do*. They are found to be particularly useful in attending ward meetings, making poll lists, and bringing up voters on the day of election, and they will triumphantly point you to their exertions on such occasions, and in such affairs, as a proof of their devotion to the cause of their country, their party and themselves.

There is another class of bar-room Loafers, nominally less respectable, though perhaps not less so in reality. This class comprises all those who in an earlier stage of their progress, we have denominated "Suckers." When the scanty means of the "Sucker" become exhausted, and he begins to be "found out" by the "flats," upon whom he has formerly existed, he usually degenerates into the bar-room Loafer. You may easily, if you will take the pains, trace him in his downward progress; his visits to the bar-room become more frequent and of greater length; he chooses out for himself the most comfortable chair, and the warmest corner; he

becomes a most diligent peruser of the daily newspapers, and if some former friend, pitying his fallen estate, asks the favor of his company in a "cocktail" or a "brandy smash" he magnanimously waives the profound honor with a modest "Thank you, I believe I'll take a piece of pie." But notwithstanding his broken fortunes, you will find him quite as averse to anything like labor as his more respectable brethren, and if he should chance be requested to perform any slight affair of service to the worthy individual whose newspapers he reads and by the warmth of whose genial fires he toasts his shins, he resents it as an unpardonable insult, and often revenges himself by taking up his quarters in the house of some rival landlord, where he soothes his injured feelings by abusing the liquors and accommodations of his former patron.

There is yet a third class of Loafers in which we confess to a warmer interest than in either of the first two; they are indeed, somewhat lower in the social scale, but while we see more to pity, we do not find so much to despise. We allude to the common-street Loafer; the frequenter of corners and docks—the sleeper in porticoes—the first discoverers of midnight fires. He bears with him all the marks of disappointed passion; the woful countenance, the lack-lustre eye, the neglected beard and careless attire of the disappointed lover are his. You shall see him some of these fine Spring days, leaning, with folded arms, against a lamp post upon some sunny corner, where, with abstracted air, viewing the passers by he seems to say, "What is all this to me?" Sometimes he ventures to moralize aloud, and the words of wisdom drop from his mouth with a sententious air and manner worthy a Solon—"Tis a queer world," he says, "a great many people;" and again he returns to the enjoyment of his sunshine, as if its beams were made for him alone. We take it that Diogenes was the first of this tribe of Loafers. If you would see him in his glory, you must watch him upon the occasion of some accident; a man fallen into the river, for instance, or knocked down by a pair of runaway horses—with grave demeanor he hastens to the scene, and is the first to advise rolling on a barrel, or sending for the Doctor. Should his advice be neglected, or his assistance discourteously refused, with what a contemptuous

sneer does he turn away to regain his accustomed lamp-post, the while cursing the impulse which could induce him for a moment to forego his personal comfort and fly to the aid of the distressed.

Long while was it a mystery to us how this unfortunate tribe could live a life so easy, and seemingly so free from all cares for subsistence, till, as we were one day passing the forum where justice is daily dealt out to all applicants, we saw arraigned at the bar, an individual whom for years we had known as the loafing occupant of a particular corner in our daily walk. He had, it seems, been brought up on a charge of vagrancy, and as the Magistrate was about to commit him on the score of his having no visible means of support, he triumphantly brought forth from the recesses of his pocket a loaf of bread and half a codfish, which holding aloft before the eyes of the astonished Court, he loudly demanded, "Aint them visible means of support?" and bolted. A few days after we saw him again upon his old post, and fervently do we hope that a kind Providence will permit him for many a sunny day longer to occupy it and greet us with his accustomed smile of self-satisfaction.

JASPER.

TALES.

From the Columbian Magazine.

LOUISA WILSON.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

[Concluded.]

"I do."

"Entirely?"

"Without reserve; may God forever bless you."

"And now, my son, try to snatch a brief rest. May He who alone can give success to our endeavors be with us both."

The bright morning rose upon the departing husband, and the faithful friend by the bedside of the inebriate.

Reason returned slowly, and then she was advised by Mrs. Carlton to remain quiet, as if a sufferer from acute disease. She took care that proper nourishment was administered, and towards evening, opening the curtains, said:

"How are you now, dear Louisa? You know you have been quite ill, and I am here to see to your comfort."

"Ill! You here! Where is Frederick?"

"He left home this morning."

"Left! My husband gone! Where?"

"On business among his distant estates, which you know he has long wished to transact."

"Very singular, indeed. When is he to return?"

"There is some uncertainty about it; perhaps the time may depend somewhat upon you."

"What can you mean?"—leaping from the bed. "What sort of language is this to me? I am sure you were never deputed by him to treat me in this remarkable manner."

"Dear Louisa, you have many accomplishments and virtues; I admire them and love you. But I am constrained to say that you are under the dominion of a fearful habit, that wrecks your husband's peace, and your own reputation. Strive to arouse yourself."

"Arouse myself, indeed! That I will do. And in the first place, leave me directly, or I will inform my husband of your intrusion and strange behavior."

"I am here by his permission. What I say to you has his sanction."

"Either you are false or I am most wretched."

Pitying her distress, Mrs. Carlton would fain have drawn her to her bosom.

"Let me be your comforter, my poor child. You have never known a mother's care from your infancy. I will be your mother. I will aid in restoring you to the respect of those who love you, and to your own. Confide in me."

But she repulsed her, exclaiming that her husband had deserted her, and she would have no other false friend, but deserved to die. Days passed on, in which Mrs. Carlton was resolutely shut from her presence, seeing no shadow of success to her experiment, and had she not been a woman of singular perseverance, would have despaired. She remained in the house of the unhappy woman, regulating the servants, and laboring invisibly for her welfare. Notwithstanding close vigilance in forbidding the access to her apartment of any thing that could intoxicate, it was evident that she was in possession of some secret hoard, by which she was kept in a state of partial stupefaction.

Finding all appeals to her understanding and affections alike fruitless while reason was thus dethroned, and knowing her mind to be much under the influence of imagination, she conceived a design of calling that powerful element to her aid.

The dusk of a Summer twilight deepened, as Louisa reclined upon her couch, apparently emerging from a long, dream-like reverie. She alternately dozed and mused, until the darkness of night gathered. Partially raising herself to ring for lights, her eye was arrested by a circular spot of ineffable brightness on the panel of the wall opposite her bed. It burst forth exactly between the portraits of her father and mother; trembled, expanded, and became stationary. In its centre appeared a form, tall, commanding, and wrapped in a long, dark mantle. Its features were stern, and the glance of its piercing eyes seemed the reproof of a spirit. Then a long, long finger was raised, and moved with a warning gesture, while from lips that seemed immovable came forth slow, solemn intonations, every one sinking like molten lead into her soul:—

"Beware! beware!
The cup looks fair,
But its dregs are woe and care,
Ruin, ruin, and despair."

Shuddering she closed her eyes, pressing her hands tightly over them. When she ventured to withdraw the screen the vision had departed. She rested upon her pillow and trembled.

A strain of dulcet music, strange and wild, floated along. A gush of perfume filled the room. Again that circle of almost ineffable brightness. It overspread the curtain that shaded the full-length portrait of her mother. From its centre glided a female form, clad in flowing robes, with a countenance of radiant and solemn beauty. For a moment it seemed inclined to hover with a tremulous motion; then it stood still; and, as if the dead canvas had awaked to life and sound, uttered slowly, analyzing every syllable—

"Daughter, repent! and do the first works or else—"

Ere those deep, impressive, unearthly tones had ceased, she sprang from the couch—but all was darkness. She stretched out her arms, as the fair being faded—

"Oh mother! mother! stay! Hear me promise. I do repent. I will try to do the first works. Blessed mother, return to your unworthy child."

Her cry of terror brought Mrs. Carlton to her side, whose neck she eagerly clasped, hiding her face, with sobs, in her bosom—

"Oh dear, dear friend, I have been warned by unearthly beings, a fair, and a fearful form. One was like the picture of that mother who died before my remembrance. She spoke to me holy words. The other was so stern. His voice still sounds in my ears—

"Woe and care, woe and care,
Ruin, ruin, and despair!"

In these how madly have I plunged! Who will save me? Oh that I had some one to love me."

The pitying friend soothed her, promising to be a mother and a guide. She now passed from the extreme of aversion to that of childlike, enthusiastic attachment. Unreserved confidence followed—free confessions and emphatic resolutions of amendment.

"Alas dear friend, this fearful habit dates from early years, when wine was associated with hospitality as an element of happiness. My loneliness as an orphan, without brother or sister, and the secluded habits of the aunt with whom I resided, made me exceedingly delight in those few social and festive seasons that varied the monotony of our life. In those entertainments wine was always prominent. I heard no odium attached to it, and tasted and admired. Thus, even in childhood, was laid the foundation of my shame. The long three years absence of the lover whom I adored were darkened with fears lest he might never return, at least with an unchanged heart. In these periods of depression wine was my comforter. Then I first learned its power of excitement and the reaction that follows. I even ventured to tamper with the fire of ardent spirits. Whether any penetrated my secret I know not, but the variation of manner thus caused, my young companions designated as caprice and a fitful temperament. With this sin on my soul, I dared to enter the holy bands of wedlock; not without a solemn vow to forsake it and innumerable struggles to keep that vow. How false that vow, how vain those struggles, he best knows whom most I love. But the shame the deception, the misery, the self-loathing, are scanned only by the eye that readeth the spirit."

Days were spent in salutary conversation, during which the venerable lady strove to impress the absolute need of humility before God, and of trusting in Him for that guidance and support without which "nothing is strong, nothing is holy." She commiserated but did not repress those searchings of heart, without whose discipline she felt that reformation might be rootless. Earnestly did she labor to impress that fear of the Almighty which is the beginning of wisdom.

"She spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate,
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die,
Which turned repentant with the cry,
Be merciful to me!"

This indefatigable friend held daily communications with the absent and anxious husband respecting every stage of their progress, and at length wrote with a hand tremulous from joy—

"Dear Frederick:—

Louisa is worthy of you—return.

E. CARLTON."

The wings of the wind seemed to have brought

the summoned one. The meeting is not a subject of description. It can be imagined only by those who know the full value of the words—the repentant, the forgiven, the beloved!

Mrs. Carlton returned to her abode, full of gratitude for the privilege of this labor of friendship and for its blessed results. Ardent attachment and the most untiring filial attentions from those whom she had thus been permitted to serve were a part of her recompense, and brightened her declining years. Scarcely a day was allowed to pass without a visit or message to the loved neighbor and benefactress.

One evening, while a chill storm was raging violently, Mr. Wilson entered.

"My dear friend, I had not expected any one to dare this dark conflict of the elements for my sake."

"Did you suppose we could allow your birthday to pass without recognition? I assure you, I had hard work to keep Louisa from accompanying me, notwithstanding the tempest."

Opening a basket, he produced a cap and collar elegantly wrought by her hand, and a magnificent bouquet, where camellias of richest hues and the mystic passion-flower with its waving tendrils, and the heliotrope and tuberose breathing over the dahlias a cloud of perfume, and the crimson spire of the sage, and the white bosom of the artemisia, were strongly contrasted with the back-ground of evergreen on which they rested.

"Ah! such beautiful tributes of art and nature should be for the fair and the flourishing, rather than those in the Winter of their days. Yet I cannot but wonder how dear Louisa has thus kept in mind the date of my birth."

"There is a little tablet in both our hearts, running thus:

'Let not the day be writ,
Love will remember it,
Untold, unsaid.'

"How much am I indebted to you both for the unremitting kindness that cheers the evening of my days."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Carlton, you have no imagination of the treasure I now possess in her. She is so gentle so radiant with intellectual life, so earnest to efface the memory of the past, so full of all good works, that I can never adequately speak her praise, or my happiness."

"Heaven be praised! She is indeed a lovely, talented being, and most dear to us both. May her feet ever stand firm upon the unfailing Rock."

"Did you ever perfectly explain to me the cause of that sudden transition from aversion to delight in your society which occurred during my painful absence?"

"Possibly I may need your pardon for the course pursued in this particular, though certainly not for the motive that prompted it. Her antipathy to me was so great, and the stupor in which she lay so continued, that I was ready to despair of gaining any opportunity to serve her. I cast about for the best means that remained to me, and not without misgiving, made a selection. None can be much with her and not perceive that imagination is a prominent feature in her mind, and as the reasoning powers were almost constantly dormant, I seemed driven to make an appeal to that. A little device with the magic lanthorn, which, had her intellect been unclouded, she would have detected in a moment, wrought effects surpassing my anticipation. It gave me access to her presence, from which I had before been excluded, and pitying Heaven did the rest."

"How far do you suppose she is aware of the measure to which you resorted?"

"I doubt whether she has more than a dreamy remembrance of the scene. Sometimes I have thought I would confess the whole to her and implore her forgiveness. But she has never made any allusion to it, and I have thought it better to fortify her virtue than to stir up the dregs of indistinct and harrowing recollection. Possibly my conscience has not always been perfectly satisfied to have thus invoked stratagem, but the case was a peculiar one, requiring peculiar measures. Forgive me, if I have erred through excess of zeal to arrest the erring and save the lost."

"We can never thank you as we ought for all you have done for us."

"If I have been the means of any good, thank not me, but Him from whom all good proceedeth. But the whole of this life is warfare, my dear young friend, and it is never safe to lay aside that fear which drives us to trust in omnipotence."

"All your counsel to us is most precious."

"You are both to me as children; you seem to stand in the places of those whom our Father has taken from my house and heart, to whom I hasten. Your beautiful wife is truly attractive, highly endowed, and full of love to you; but in this our state of discipline and danger, possibly she is not armed with that strong heart which foils temptation by perfect trust in an arm Divine. Teach her to expect difficult duty, and let it be your care to gird her up for it by deepening her piety."

"I feel the force of all you say, our blessed mother; so we speak of you to each other. Indulge us in that sweet appellation."

Pressing his hand between both of hers, she added, solemnly and affectionately—

"None may boast, my son, the seeds of evil habit are dead, never more to quicken; yet is there something almost converting in maternal love, that watching over a helpless being, nourishing and guiding an heir of immortality, feels its own infirmity, its own inadequacy to the great work, and pours itself out in utter abandonment, seeking refuge where only it can be found, *above*. I rejoice that at length such hopes are hers, are yours; may God crown and render them effectual. I have been led to say more than I intended, for advancing age warn me that this birthday may be my last. Should it so prove, let this be my parting charge to our dear one, to put forth all her energies, to guard every avenue of danger, to resist every wile of the tempter; yet not to rely on any earthly helper, but clinging closely to the Hand that was pierced."

"Little could it then have been supposed, while there was such a lingering of the health and even the beauty of early years, around this inestimable friend, that her parting intimation would so soon be verified. Yet ere "another moon had filled its horn" Frederick Wilson, himself deeply mourning, was called to console his weeping wife, who bent over the lifeless form of one who had been to both as a mother.

"She has gone to the angels," he said.

"To the angels, husband, in whose joy even on earth she partook, over the sinner that repented."

After the funeral obsequies, it was to them a mournful satisfaction to devise and erect a monument which should consult both the simplicity of her taste and the impulse of their gratitude. The green turf where her form reposed was surrounded by a beautiful enclosure, and planted with her fa-

vorite flowers. At its entrance a willow swept the ground with its long, drooping wands, and over the arched gate crept the ivy and the clematis with its blue pendulous blossoms. In the centre rose a plain stone of the purest marble. Its only inscription was the name, with the simple dates of birth and death; and beneath, cut deeply into the heart of the stone,

GONE HOME.

On the reverse, two hands exquisitely sculptured, sprang from the marble, sustaining a vase with the words "*Bring flowers*" enwreathed with acanthus leaves, while its frequent supply of fresh water and the fairest flowers attested the constancy with which the memory of the dead was cherished.

The loss of the hand that had steadily probed her follies and fostered her virtues was sincerely deplored by Louisa. Scarcely had the sadness in some measure passed away ere she was called to become a mother. When she saw her husband press long and earnestly the velvet lip of their first-born and divide between it and herself his tearful, enraptured blessings, she felt more than repaid for all the apprehension and agony with which a Being of Wisdom hath encompassed the entrance of that holy relationship.

The ruling desire of Frederick Wilson's heart was consummated in the first wail of that feeble infant. Not only had his native love of children led him to repine that their union for years had been thus unblessed, but he had secretly depended on the force of maternity to dispel the only shade that darkened the history of his wife. Often had he said mentally, while conflicting with her depraved habit,

"Were she but a mother! those cares and joys would be her salvation."

And now the blessing was granted, he was never weary of watching the tender nursing of their hopes, regarding every movement of the tiny limbs, and anticipating the volitions of a mind that was to live forever. It gave him pleasure to believe that it would have the mother's eye of sparkling blue, and to trace the rudiment of his own noble forehead amid its imperfectly developed features. It was interesting to see him so absorbed by this new affection. He was peculiarly gratified that it was a daughter, that its companionship with the mother might be more entire and its influence more permanent. He hailed it as the little angel that had stepped into the troubled pool, to heal the hearts that waited to be whole. It was his first thought at waking, his last when he lay down, and it even had part in his dreams, tinging them with the hue of its own sweet helplessness. The only alloy to his felicity was the physical weakness of Louisa. Some infirmity of constitution left her longer languid and a prisoner than was expected. Both physician and nurse recommended the free use of tonics to restore her decaying appetite and strength. Tonics involving stimulation!

Did they not understand or perceive the baleful fires they were rekindling? But he who did both understand and perceive interposed, though at the eleventh hour. He forbade all use of what could intoxicate, or its entrance into his house.

Louisa was astonished at the spirit which he manifested. She felt it great unkindness to withhold what she believed she needed as a restorative to health and the means of affording nourishment to her babe. She became silent and resentful, and was unappeased by his anxious inquiries or affec-

tionate treatment. One evening, while she supposed him to be absent from home, she imagined herself to be alarmingly feeble and in danger of syncope. She therefore directed the nurse to go forth silently and purchase some of the prohibited beverage, while, propped in her easy chair, she lulled the infant on her bosom.

"Poor innocent!" she murmured, "hard that thou must pine for thy natural food, and thy sick mother suffer, because cruel father denies the medicine that would restore us."

Ere the return of the nurse, her husband entered. What met his horror-struck eyes?

His darling child in the fire, and the mother hanging over the arm of her easy-chair—asleep?

It seems that after the departure of the nurse she had drawn nearer the fire, resting her feet upon the fender. But as the opium-trance deepened, they had slid from their support, and the precious burden from her arms. Fortunately, the wood was nearly consumed, and being closely wrapped in flannels, its clothes had not ignited. One fair cheek was scorched by the hearth where it lay, but a hand and arm which it had thrust forth from its envelope, came in contact with red coals and decaying brands and was burned to a crisp.

The agony of the father, as he caught the child to his breast, was indescribable.

"Woman! see your own work! the fruit of your accursed, wilful wickedness."

A consultation of surgeons pronounced amputation above the elbow indispensable to life, and it was done. The sufferings of the poor babe, and the hazardous illness that followed, taught the bitterness of remorse to the wretched mother. Its cries of anguish and her husband's stern adjuration. "Woman! see your own work!" haunted her perpetually.

It was long ere that child was out of danger, or the offended husband propitiated. But as health returned to its pallid brow, he began to look on the wasted form of his wife with commiseration. His heart was touched with pity and alive to tender remembrance, but the respect that is essential to true love had fled forever. This she perceived, and no longer desired to live. The idea that he despised her took possession of her imagination and poisoned the springs of life. The love that had for years been the pole-star of her existence had shrouded itself. She was not content to gather up the scattered coals from its forsaken altar and be thankful they were not wholly extinguished, and quicken them with the breath of the patient heart, and pour incense upon them that might have ascended to Heaven. No; she could be satisfied only with its first fervor, and that could return no more. She no longer put forth any effort to resist, scarcely to disguise her infirmity. She desperately strove to drown her sorrow in the blood of the grape; to consume it in the fire of distilled liquors; to stifle it in the sleep of the poppy. Her husband ceased to oppose the current of her depraved appetite. This, also, appeared to her unkindness, for she construed it into indifference. Maternal love in her nature seemed an element of secondary power. Its seed had fallen on an ill-prepared, perverted soil. It had come up like a plant under the storm-cloud, blighted ere it could take deep root. The lisping word "*mother*," that talisman of all tender emotion, sometimes awoke a thrilling, delicious tear, but that lost arm was a perpetual reproof, bringing anew the sound of those terrible words, "Woman, see your own work!"

Short and sad was the remaining annal of her days. One morning, in the midst of her lofty parlor, she fell and rose not. She was borne to her chamber and bed, where she breathed heavily, but spoke not. Long did her coach which she had ordered, stand in waiting at her gate, for none of those who had hurried in and out, physicians, neighbors or domestics, remembered to say to the coachman—"The mistress is dead!"

In an inner room, haggard with grief, sat the disconsolate husband, his mutilated child upon his knee. At the deep sound of the funeral bell, he put the little one from him, that he might kneel for the last time amid the voice of prayer, by her side whom prayer would no longer avail, and look for the last time on that bloated, discolored face, once so beautiful.

As years passed on, it was touching to see that melancholy man, in his rich saloon, his spacious garden or his favorite library, ever holding by her only hand his only child, ever breathing into her ear precepts of wisdom, ever pouring, as it were, the whole wealth of a sorrowing, loving spirit into her tender bosom. From no effort of duty or work of benevolence did he withdraw himself, but the brightness of existence was gone forever; and in his most cheerful moments, he was as one who had seen the idol of his youth borne away by some black-winged monster into outer darkness.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

KINDNESS.

BY REV. J. B. SAX.

"Fie, fie, unknot that threatening unkind brow."

NOTHING costs us so little, which is at the same time so valuable, as a courteous and kind demeanor towards those by whom we are surrounded. The power which love possesses to produce happiness, both to ourselves and others, has been but very imperfectly understood. Kindness is one of its manifestations.

We do not live in the world independent of it, or of our fellow men. Every act of ours influences those with whom we are connected for good or for evil, and we are in our turn influenced by the actions of others. Even the most trivial circumstances increase or diminish the sum of human happiness. An unkind word or look may give exquisite pain to some affectionate but sensitive heart, by which we are beloved, even as the slightest cloud passing before the sun, will change to sombre shade the joyous sparkle of the silver lake. While on the other hand, an act, or word, or even a look of complacency and kindness, will cause the light of joy to irradiate the countenances of our friends, as when the morning sunbeams kiss the dewy flower. A look of love will sometimes dispel the gathering clouds of sorrow, and cause the radiance to glow undimmed in the heart for another day. But the "threatning unkind brow," how often has it caused the mind's horizon to be overcast with doubts and fears, and unrevealed sorrows!

Life is made up of parts—of moments. If the moments are full of joy, life will run over with happiness. Whatever will make our moments happy, will make our lives so. If kind words will give only the faintest gleams of joy, they are important. If a kind word or look will make our friend happy, for only one minute, the happiness so secured is

just as valuable as though it were purchased with a house full of silver and gold. And how cheaply these alms are given. So far from costing us anything, they make us rich in the giving. Then consider the amount of charity which we may thus bestow. If one benignant smile will convey only a moiety of gladness to some fellow being, how easy will it be, by multiplying those small amounts, to produce a very important and valuable sum. If we have benevolence then, let us not fail to act up to these suggestions.

But the value of small acts of kindness which cost us nothing, (the value of those which are large and costly has always been acknowledged)—will more clearly appear by contrasting them with those of an opposite character; by contrasting smiles with frowns, soft words with those that are harsh, and a uniformly courteous demeanor with one which is rough and uncivil.

To produce but one example—here is a young and loving bride; she has left all the endearments of her father's house, and voluntarily renounced all those kind attentions which she has been accustomed to receive from infancy, from parents, brothers and sisters—all for the sake of him who is now her husband. What sacred obligations is he under to strive to make her happy! How strong must be her affection, to sacrifice so much for him! How his words sweep the chords of pleasure or painful emotion in her heart, which beats only for him! How his looks like the morning sunbeams upon the statue of Memnon, awaken happy or sorrowful echoes in her bosom! If he smile it is to her like the evening radiance upon the bosom of the placid lake; but if he frown, it is like the rude visitings of Boreas, ruffling the silver current of happiness. If his words are kind, they are as soothing to the trusting heart, as the murmurings of the gentle zephyr; but if they are harsh, they are like the blast before the shower, drenching the face of heaven in tears.

Now is it not just as easy to smile as to frown to speak pleasantly as harshly? to act courteously and kindly as roughly and uncivilly? Think of these things. Studied forms of ceremonial politeness, which are as heartless as fashion, is not genuine kindness, but those plain and simple words and actions which sincere affection clothes itself with all. Some are ashamed to speak kindly and look benignantly, lest they should compromise what they suppose to be their dignity. How wretchedly deceived they are! If they do not know it behooves them soon to learn, that true dignity consists in courtesy and kindness, more than in the proud bearing and haughty step. God smiles upon the kind word or look of the humble, more than upon the costly oblation of the proud.

Cuba, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

GENIUS.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

An acorn fell noiselessly at the foot of a giant cedar whose shaggy bole and impenetrable mass of limbs eternally kept out the sunshine from below. The earth opened her arms and received it and nestling on her warm and glowing breast it burst its hardened shell and sprang to life. But the luxuriant foliage of the cedar permitted no straggling rays to reach it, and it bore a sickly and stunted appearance. At length a mighty storm arose, and the tempest demon in sporting with the wildest

hilarity among the forest monarchs, hurled from its lofty position the stalwart cedar, and the first sunshine fell on the wolf haunt below. The sunbeams played o'er the drooping plant and infused new life and vigor in its pores. Its roots expanded and drank the moisture and sustenance from the earth, and its branches unfolded their wealth of leaves to the dew of heaven and the wanton zephyr. Years rolled away and it towered far above its fellows in the blue of heaven. Sunshine eternal hung around its summit—the purest breezes of heaven gently murmured through its branches, and the sky-born eagle made it his sun clad eyrie.

A country lad came trudging into town, with a load of grain, arrayed in all the rustic glory of his linsey-woolsey, broad brimmed hat, and rough worn leggins. There were none to mark his coming save the spectators, and when he had disposed of his grain he stole away to the lecture room. Although absorbed by the interest of the occasion, and catching every word as they rolled from the eloquent lips of the speaker, there were none to notice him, none to mark the giant intellect already bursting its rough kernel, none to know that the slumbering fires of genius were in his breast. Years pass away, and suddenly a great man appears. Men hang with rapture upon the powers of his mind, the wisdom of his counsels, and the eloquence of his lips. None recognized the country lad, the embryo genius of the lecture room, and while he held argument captive at his ear and echo mute at his inspiration, they wondered at the intellectual miracle.

Fulton, N. Y. 1847.

—♦—
For the Rural Repository.

SPRING.

BY F. H. BUNNELL.

The revolving and never ceasing wheels of time have again brought to view, gentle, lovely Spring, with all its charms and beauty. What can be more beautiful to the eye than nature arrayed in her new made dress, fashioned by a most exquisite workman—nature herself! Every thing that the eye beholds or the ear hears is sweetly harmonious with one's own feelings. Man has not a sense but is accommodated and pleased by the appearance of spring. Not one of them is offended by any thing she presents to the world.

The eye finds numerous objects on which it loves to dwell. How grateful to behold after the presence of a bleak and stormy winter, the tender blades of grass as they shoot forth and bedeck hill and dale, mountain and valley with their verdant loveliness. Cast your eye wherever you will, and nature has put on her most lovely garb, and is decorating herself with her choicest flowers to please her admirers. Like many people, she is never seen at this season, with a garment that is threadbare or out of date. She chooses the richest materials and spares no pains to make them up in the most tasty and refined style. Each rose-bud is a jewel, and each flowret a priceless gem. When we behold her in a full outfit, "What king so shining or what queen so fair?"

The ear is no less a partaker of nature's bounties. What music more enchanting or sounds so melodious, as the wild, happy notes of the feathered songsters, as they flit in joyous ecstasy through the air, as the last rays of twilight glimmer and sparkle in crimson beauty on the verge of the western horizon!

How delightful to listen to their music, reclining at your ease,

"When the sun is in the west,
Sinking low behind the trees,
And the cuckoo, welcome guest,
Gently woos the evening breeze."

Each rose-bush trembles in unison, and the forest leaflet murmurs in concord, the oak waves in harmony, and each twig sighs melody in the general concert; the lake is vocal with nature's own, her choicest melody, and each pool adds a symphony; each zephyr chants a requiem to departed winter, and every rocky cliff echoes back the sound. Such

"Music bath charms to soothe the savage breast,
Calm his angry passions and lull his soul to rest."

Neither is the sense of smelling over-looked in nature's flower-garden, the universe. Each balmy breeze that is wasted by, has played with fragrant flowers, and fills the air around us with sweet perfume. The quivering breath of morning, into our laps,

"Shakes thousand odors from her dewy wings."

Nature is equally mindful of the remaining sense, feeling. The rose-bush that shoots forth in the spring has not the thorns which summer's heat or the maturity of autumn throws about it; the young brier is smooth and the thorn sprout harmless.

But while spring is so beautiful and lovely, we must remember it will soon pass away. It will soon be gone, and summer with her scenes will take its place; nature will assume a more sober aspect; summer will pass, and autumn arrive, the autumn will also flee away, and we shall be locked up in the icy embrace of winter—the emblem of death.

How strikingly does the change of seasons remind us of our own destiny. Spring, summer, and autumn will soon pass and winter will close the year. So with us, youth, manhood and old age, are fast passing away, and death will soon be upon us and end our existence.

O! what is life—"tis but a flower,
That withers and is gone—
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on.
Death comes—and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower awny."

Maine Village, N. Y. 1847.

BIOGRAPHY.



BENJAMIN WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST, an eminent painter, was born, in 1738, at Springfield, near Philadelphia, of Quaker parents. At the age of seven years he began to manifest his pictorial talents by sketching with pen and ink an infant sleeping in a cradle. From some Indians he obtained red and yellow, and his mother gave him a piece of indigo; and as camel's hair pencils were wanting, he supplied the want by clipping the fur of the cat. Improving as he advanced in years, he became a portrait painter of considerable repute, and produced some meritorious historical pictures. In his twenty-second year he

visited Italy, where he remained for some time. In 1763 he settled in England, where he soon acquired reputation. Among his patrons was Archbishop Drummond of York, by whose means he was introduced to George the Third, who immediately gave him a commission to paint the Death of Regulus, and continued ever afterwards to employ him. In 1791 he was chosen president of the Royal Academy. Among his last and perhaps his best works are, Death on the Pale Horse, and, Christ healing the Sick. He died March 18, 1820.

MISCELLANY.

THREE MINUTES BY THE WATCH.

BLUNDERS by Irish waiters of the most curious and laughable character, are as common as bricks; but the most laughable one we have heard of since the waiter scooped out the inside of the watermelon and served up the beautiful green rind, is a little *misunderstandin'* that occurred at one of our principal hotels a few days since to a very particular English "gent" with a very short tailed coat, a large number of plaids on his pants, a considerable amount of drab cloth gaiters, a remarkably yellow gloves. He had just arrived from the great commercial emporium of Great Britain and Ireland, via Boston, New-York, and a number of other small towns and villages. He approached the breakfast table, prepared to make a decided impression upon the American public, and give them a pretty fair idea of *un Anglais en voyage*, and after selecting the most desirable situation possible for the accomplishment of his purpose, beckoned a waiter to him, and stuck his eye glass in his eye—not the waiter's eye, but his own individual organ. After surveying him for a moment, he addressed him with—

"Are-a there-a any English waiters 'ere?"

"Which, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"Oh yis sir; of course I do. Plinty of 'em, sir. What 'ud ye plaze to take for breakfast, sir?"

"You're not an English waiter, sir!" replied the "gent."

"Oh yis sir; I don't spake divil a word beside English, exceptin' Irish; but I'm a lawful subject of Queen Victoria."

"Well, then, if I can't get an English servant to wait on me, I must take an Irish one."

"Yis sir," said the lawful subject of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

"Well then, get me a couple of eggs and boil them precisely three minutes, not a bubble more, and a cup of coffee—beefsteak, very rare, and some toast."

"Yis, sir," said the waiter, and started off.

"And recollect, three minutes for the eggs," said the gent, calling him back.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

The gent disposed himself to the best advantage, and waited the arrival of the eggs. Upon cracking the shells they were as hard as a lap stone, and with the utmost indignation he turned upon the waiter and inquired of him if he had not directed him to cook them just three minutes.

"Yis, sir," replied the waiter—"I did, sir; I counted 'em meself."

"What! didn't you look at the clock?" exclaimed the gent, with as much surprise as if he had just heard that Louis Philippe had suggested the propriety of divorcing Albert from Victoria and marrying her to one of his own sons.

" Devil a once, sir," said the Irishman—" devil a once at all ! What 'ud I be after lookin' at the clock for all the time?"

" Oh, this is too much, positively !" said the gent. " Here, you stupid fellow, take my watch and go into the kitchen, and boil me a couple of eggs just three minutes with it."

" Yis, sir," said the waiter, taking the watch.

" Do you understand now, sir ?" inquired the gent.

" Of course, sir," was the reply, and off he started.

At the expiration of the three minutes appeared the waiter with the breakfast, and on the plate with the eggs the watch was deposited. As the gent was about to take up the watch the waiter stopped him, by exclaiming,

" Take care, sir ; you'll burn your fingers—it's hot sir ?"

" What's hot ?" inquired the gent.

" The watch, sir !"

" The watch !" echoed the gent.

" Yis, sir ; sure didn't you tell me to bile the eggs with it three minutes, an' didn't I do it ?"

" What !" said the horror-stricken gent, starting up—" boiled the watch !"

" Yis, sir—three minutes !"

The gent, like the watch, was completely *done*, and seizing his gold lever, he made a speedy exit, uttering curses loud and deep, and tossing his watch from hand to hand, as a boy does a hot potato, to cool it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MASQUERADE.

A SYNONYME for life and civilised society. There are two sorts of masquerade simulation, or pretending to be what you are not : and dissimulation, or concealing what you are, and we are all nummers under one or the other of these categories, excepting a few performers at the two extremes of life those who are above, and those who are beneath all regard for appearances. As a secret consciousness of their defects is always prompting hypocrites to disguise themselves in some assumed virtue, the only way to discover their real character, is to read them backwards, like a Hebrew book.

Many masqueraders on the stage of real life, betray themselves by overacting their part. With religious pretenders this is more especially the case, and for an obvious reasons, they increase the outward and visible sign, in proportion as they feel themselves deficient in the inward and spiritual grace. Can we wonder at their sanctimonious looks, and puritanical severity ? Even when they flounder and fail in their hypocrisy, they would persuade us that their very blunders proceed from a heavenly impulse. They remind one of the fat friar, who being about to mount his mule, called upon his patron saint to assist him, and gave such a vigorous spring at the same time, that he fell over on the other side, when he exclaimed with an air of complacency, " Hallo ! the good saint has helped me too much !"

So difficult is it to avoid overacting our part, that we cannot always escape this error, when we are agents and accessories, instead of principals, in imposing upon the world. The Regent of France, intending to go to a masquerade in the character of a lackey, and expressing an anxious wish to remain undetected, the Abbe Dubois, suggested that this object might easily be attained, if he would allow him to go as his master, and to

give him two or three kicks before the whole company. This was arranged accordingly, but the pretended master applied his foot so rudely and so often, that the Regent was fain to exclaim, " Gently, gently, Monsieur l'Abbe ! you are disguising me too much !"

MUSIC MILLINERY.

A MAN from somewhere " up country," entered a milliner and mantua-maker's shop a few days since with a roll of music in his hand, and after looking around him for a while, said to a pretty girl behind the counter : " I want to ax a favor of you, miss."

" Pray, what is it, sir ?" asked the fair vender of tape and bobbinett.

" Whoy, I want you to play this ere piece of music for me. I'm not slow myself on the *fife*—but when you come to the *jarman flute* music, I'm run up the stump. I brought it over to the music store yonder, and nobody could play it, and so I thought I'd call on you if you'd be so kind."

" Upon my soul, sir," said the little girl, laughing, and looking rather surprised, " I cannot play on the flute."

" Can't you ? why now, that's strange. May be the lady of the shop can though—'cause you look so young, that you mayn't larnt the trade yet."

" No, sir, the lady does not play either."

" Why, now, that's stranger still ; havn't you got any body that can play ? I'll gin a fip any time to hear the piece, so as I can play it when I get home."

" I assure you, sir, nobody plays here."

" Well, I beg your pardon, miss," said the countryman, backing out ; " I might be mistaken, but you've got a sign in your window which says, ' all kinds of fluting done here.'"

ROYAL ANECDOTES.

M. DE ROTHSCHILD lives as a king—Louis Philippe as a banker. Each morning, and this we know certainly, the king kindles his own fire, because, as he says, it is too badly done by others. The wood is all laid in the chimney arranged with kindling stuff, and Louis Philippe, with his royal hands, makes the chemical match blaze which is to irradiate his hearth stone. Oh, great Louis XIV ! do not thy ashes rise in anger at such a sight ? Lastly, his regular physician, finding his head a little affected by a rush of blood, orders him a foot-bath immediately.

" It will answer to-morrow," said the king.

" I would observe to your Majesty, that it would be much more prudent to take it to-day, this morning."

" But, monsieur, I shall never have the time," Louis Philippe again replies. " How—not time ? It is eight o'clock, your Majesty breakfasts at half-past ten, and—"

" Yes, certainly, it would be a simple thing in a *well-ordered house*," interrupted the royal invalid, smiling, " but here to get ready a foot-bath, would require at least three hours, and every thing would be deranged, whilst in ordering it this evening, I can hope to have it to-morrow morning," and the doctor could obtain nothing but this reply.

Here is quite a pleasant anecdote which is also in circulation about the king. During a dinner given to the officers, his Majesty was in a very joyous

mood, and officers usually at such repasts are mirthful and noisy. The first part of the feast being over, they wished to get through the second. It is necessary to say that this took place at Neuilly, where rustic gaiety always destroys etiquette.

" Sire," said the boldest of the noble cavaliers convened at the royal banquet, " your Majesty ought to put the stamp upon your kindness by singing to us a joyous canzonet, which you formerly sang beyond doubt."

" Me !" exclaimed Louis Phillippe, a little surprised by this attack, but replying graciously, " I do not know any in truth, it is so long since I was young !"

" Oh, sire," replied all the officers, simultaneously, perceiving that their request was not repulsed with anger—" only let your Majesty search your memory, and you will certainly remember at least some refrain."

" No, my faith," said the king, thinking for an instant,—" I know only the *Marseillaise* !"

" Ah well, the *Marseillaise* !" said the officers, clapping their hands. But M. Guizot, who assisted in this little comedy, quitted his seat, all bewildered, and spoke low to the king—" Oh ! sire, sire—what would you do ?"

" Have no fear," said the king, with a self-possession which never abandoned him, " the tune alone is dangerous, and I have forgotten it !"

Saying these words, the king, indicating that he was about to commence singing, there was a profound silence, and Louis Phillippe sung the *Marseillaise* to the tune of "*by the grace of God*!" —in French a very pretty love song.

ANECDOTE OF LUTHER MARTIN.

WE heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer, a few days ago, which we do not remember to have met with in print, and which is certainly " too good to be lost," as the reporters say. Martin was on one occasion riding to Annapolis in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young gentleman just commencing the practice of law. After some familiar conversation, the young gentleman said :

" Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession ; few men have gained so many cases ; will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wondrous success ?"

" I'll do it, on condition that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days at Annapolis."

" Willingly," replied the young man, hoping to profit greatly by the communication.

" The secret of my success," said Martin, " may be discovered in this advice which I now give you, viz :—Be sure to have a good witness for every case you desire to secure."

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel ; the substantials and general refreshments were dispatched in a manner quiet gratifying to " mine host." The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who running his eye over it, leisurely, returned it with the utmost gravity.

" Don't you intend to pay it ?" said Martin.

" Pay what ?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not say on the route downward, that you would defray the charge?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "have you a good witness to prove what you demand in this case?"

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and eyeing his young friend a moment or two, he said pleasantly, "You don't need any counsel from me, young man, you don't need any counsel from me."—*Meth. Protestant.*

MARCH OF INTELLECT, AND EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.

The following curious colloquy between two servant girls, ladies of the mop and brush, was a few days ago overheard, and immediately committed to paper.

Betty.—Well, Rosa, how do you like your new place?

Rosa.—(Affectedly.)—Pretty well—middling—it is passable, as things go now-a-days.

Betty.—What do you mean? Your master is kind to you, eh?

Rosa.—(Carelessly.)—Yes.

Betty.—No brats, are there?

Rosa.—Oh dear! not any. If but one peeped into the family, I should instantly be on the tiptoe—I should give warning. Indeed, Betty, between you and me, I don't think I shall stay long; but don't tell Charles, the footman, this, for the poor ignorant wretch has formed a violent attachment for me.

Betty.—But your master is kind to you—mistress kind—no children—plenty to eat and drink.

Rosa.—(Affectedly.)—Yes, every thing good.

Betty.—Your master is no gambler—no sitting up late for him?

Rosa.—No; but I sit up late myself, to wade through the stupid novels of the day.

Betty.—You go out once a fortnight?

Rosa.—Yes, but then I have that wretch, Charles, following and dogging me like a blood hound. Ah! dear me, I shall leave.

Betty.—But why? You seem to have every comfort. Good wages, eh?

Rosa.—Oh, dear? yes; but then there is something in the house so very disgusting, particularly a person of my habits and education.

Betty.—What in the name of all that is miraculous, can it be?

Rosa.—Why, then, if you must know—I cannot bear to come in contact with my mistress.

Betty.—Why? she is pretty.

Rosa.—True; master took her for her face—not for her head.

Betty.—She is affable?

Rosa.—Her affability drives me to distraction!

Betty.—How?

Rosa.—(In a rage.)—How? Why, because she speaks such abominable bad grammar!

DOING HOMAGE.

MR. CARBONEL, the wine merchant who served his majesty, was a great favorite with the king, and used to be admitted to the royal hunts. Returning from the chase one day, his majesty entered affably into conversation with his wine merchant, and rode with him side by side a considerable way. Lord Walsingham was in attendance; and watching an opportunity, took Mr. Carbonel aside, and whis-

pered something to him. "What's that? what's that, Walsingham has been saying to you?" inquired the good-humored monarch. "I find, sir, I have been unintentionally guilty of disrespect; my lord informed me that I ought to have taken off my hat whenever I addressed your majesty; but your majesty will please to observe, that whenever I hunt, my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig is fastened to my head, and I am on the back of a very high-spirited horse, so that if anything goes off we must all go off together!" The king laughed heartily at the whimsical apology.

FILIAL LOVE.

FILIAL love should be cherished. It has, especially, a softening and ennobling effect on the masculine heart. It has been remarked, that all illustrious men have been distinguished by love for their mother. It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe, that a beautiful feature in the character of the Turks, is reverence for their mother. The wives may advise or reprimand, unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret beyond the grave. "Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them; children perish, and others may be born to us; but who shall restore the mother when she passes away, and is seen no more?"

FRENCH GAIETY.

In the campaign of 1812, a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeon on consulting, declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with much composure. Among the persons who surrounded him he observed his valet-de-chambre, who showed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why dost thou weep, Germain?" said his master smilingly, to him. "It is a fortunate thing for thee, you will have only one boot to clean in future."

THE following dialogue between father and son is so illustrative of the manner in which *direct testimony* is sometimes extorted from witnesses in our Court, that we give it a place.

Father.—Tom, where have you been?

Son.—No where, sir.

Father.—Where is no where?

Son.—Up on the Common.

Father.—Who went with you?

Son.—Nobody, sir.

Father.—Who is nobody?

Son.—Bill Doakes, sir.

Father.—What have you been doing?

Son.—Nothing, sir.

Father.—What is nothing?

Son.—Playing marbles.

Father.—What have you done with the money I gave you?

Son.—Lost it, sir.

Father.—How did you lose it?

Son.—Bill Doakes won it, sir.

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.

An old clergyman, who had an old tailor as his beadle or officer, for many years, returning from a neighboring sacrament, where Thomas was in the constant habit of attending him, after a thoughtful

and silent pause, thus addressed his fellow traveller, the "minister's man":—

"Thomas, I cannot well tell how it is, that our church should be getting thinner and thinner—for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did, and should have far more experience than when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas, "old ministers, now-a-days, are just like old tailors—for I am sure I *sew* as well as I ever did, and the *cloth* is the same, but it's the *cut*, sir—it's the *new cut*!"

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The following specimen of eloquence was delivered by an Indian woman over the contiguous graves of her husband and infant:—"The Father of Life has taken from me the apple of my eye, and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will moisten the one with my tears, and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets."

"SARAH," said a young man, the other day, to a lady of that name, "why don't you wear earrings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you then." "I thank you sir, you have done that enough."

An Irishman, after being distanced on a foot race, at length succeeded, when he suddenly exclaimed:—"Well, I am *first at last*, but I was *behind before*!"

A young damsel was telling one of her admirers after church, that she had been trying "all meeting time," to get him to look at her, but without success. "I'm very sorry, but really I didn't catch the *eye* dear."

A SHOEMAKER being at work, his awl broke, whereupon the shoemaker cursed his useless instrument. His wife then reminded him that he was breaking an express command of Scripture which says, "Swear not at AWL."

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. F. W. Albany, N. Y. \$5.00; J. B. Chatham 4 Corners, \$1.50; Miss L. G. Easton, N. Y. \$0.50; S. C. B. Haverstraw, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. L. B. Sheffield, Ms. \$0.50; J. C. C. Norway, N. Y. \$3.00; S. W. R. White Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$5.50; J. S. Stockport, N. Y. \$4.00; W. H. P. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; A. H. C. Port Jervis, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Collins, Mr. George A. Pinkham to Miss Harriet A. Power, all of this city.

At Athens, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cornell, Mr. Wm. H. Boice to Miss Harriet Cunningham, both of this city.

At Kinderhook, by Elder L. S. Rexford, Mr. Joseph Wolfe, of that place, to Miss Margaret B. Frank, of Valatie.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 9th inst. at the residence of her son, (Capt. Henry Hiller,) Mrs. June Hiller, wife of Capt. Jabez Hiller, aged 76 years.

On the 28th ult. Emma Beaman, aged 10 months.

At the residence of his daughter, in Butler, Wayne Co. N. Y. Major Daniel Fowler, long a resident of this city, in the 86th year of his age.

In Chatham, on the 28th ult. after a painful and protracted illness, Mrs. Angelina T. Warner, wife of Theron A. Warner, M. D. aged 32 years.

In Doncaster, England, Jan. 26th, Mrs. Hannah Jarrett, widow of the late Richard Jarrett, and mother of Mrs. William Surfleet, of this city.

In Doncaster, England, on the 16th ult. Mr. Thomas Jarrett, in the 54th year of his age.

In New-York, on the 30th ult. Ellen, daughter of S. F. and Lucy R. Bostwick, aged 1 year, and 9 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

AFFLICTION.

Oh! how I love the flickering ray,
That beams when deep'ning shadows roll,
That lingers till the close of day,
Then throws its fading on the soul.
Ah, tell me not, it mocks my grief,
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled—
As't dances on the trembling leaf,
Or round the mansions of the dead.

When tempest spirits cross the sky,
And threatening surges round us foam,
Is it not then we best deservy,
The beacon pointing to our home ?
Afar through sorrow's cloud it shines,
Our pole-star on the raging sea,
Our night-lamp when the body pines
In deep and dark adversity.

Affliction gives a purer light,
To hope that lingers round the tomb,
Throws paler shades upon the night,
And gives the rose a brighter bloom.
When faith is nigh we seek in vain,
To hush her pleading voice with sighs,
She soothes with balm that gives no pain—
With sounds at which all murmuring dies.

Claverack, 1847.

G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

Leaves from an Unpublished Poem.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

Number One.

HOPE.

HOPE hath a kindly voice for all
Who tread on this terrestrial ball—
A voice more blessed to the soul,
When mental billows round it roll,
Than pearly gleams from morning star,
In eastern chambers seen ; afar
To him, who on the shattered wreck—
On ocean's breast a tiny speck—
Has passed the dubious night away,
'Mid roaring waves and dashing spray.

For all? ah, no! there liveth those
Whose being's day will sadly close,
Without one ray from Hope's broad sun,
To light the regions cold and dun,
In which they fall with bitter groan,
And Death's puissant sceptre own!
There have been those for whom each strain,
Of Nature's music broke in vain!
To whom the Day-King's glorious rays—
Emblem of God's all-equal ways—
Seemed but the flaming of His wrath,
Along old ether's azure path!

To some Hope lends his welcome torch,
To bless them on their earthly march ;
The lines of happiness to trace,
Upon the young—and furrowed face ;
To make the soul leap forth in song,
The rugged path of life along,
And if a dark'ning mist should hang
Adown across the devious way,
'Yond it to view an angel's wing,
Ready to bear them into day.

Others there are for whom no gleam
Of Hope falls on an earthly scene !
These gaze upon the nuptial pair,
Crowned with young bliss and beauty rare,
And while the voice of praise goes out
And mingles with the festal shout,
They turn away with tear-dimmed eyes,
And bow their heads 'mid stifled sighs :
These gaze upon the funeral train,
Stretching across the silent plain,
And while the coffin sinks beneath
The cold damp sod 'mid rending grief,
They smile upon the falling clod,
And raise their tearless eyes to God.

For such, Hope glows beneath the wave
Of woe, that marks the dingy grave :
Above the scene of parting here—
The closing eye, and mournful bier—
Faith bears them to the spirit-shore,
Where warring waves no longer roar,
But where the Welcomer doth stand,
Amid the love-crowned seraph band,
Man to receive to "Father-land."

His path is not all shadow, who
By Hope's blest light, can onward view
A bright star, gleaming 'yond the cloud
That doth his present darkly shroud.
Though from these earthly shores and far
Into the future, gleams the star—
Its holy light yet stirs the mind,
And voices whisper, deep but kind,
Unto the soul, until it flings
Long-buried music on its strings,
And of the prospect gaily sings.

Sherman, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A ROBIN.

SING away, sing away,
Happy messenger of spring ;
As you fly from spray to spray,
Making woods with music ring ;
Let thy loudest, sweetest strains,
Echo o'er the hills and plains.

Sing away, sing away,
Warbling songster of the year ;
Sweet the hour and glad the day,
When thy joyful notes I hear,
Notes whose sounds bid care depart,
From the sad and mourning heart.

Sing away, sing away,
Who can help thy music love ;
Every accent seems to say,
That there is a God above ;
One who from his lofty throne,
Deigns to listen to thy tone.

Sing away, sing away,
Thy melodious voice was given
To foretell of scenes more gay,
And music sweeter still in Heaven,
Where shall be sung one endless lay ;—
Then sweet warblers sing away.

Schenectady, 1847.

SAMUEL.

For the Rural Repository.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

TIME brings to man both joy and pain,
And ruin follows in its train—
It steals the roses from the cheek—
It makes the strong man faint and weak.
It seeks the monarch on his throne,
And all his grandeur then is gone—
It sways its sceptre far and wide,
O'er cottage low and halls of pride.

Rome, once proud mistress of the world,
Was by its influence downward hurled,
And now a humbled thing is she,
Whose glory reached from sea to sea.

Like an eagle time his course doth run,
From year to year he hurries on—

He reaps down all the fair and gay,
All are the cruel spoiler's prey.

The present is before his eyes—
The past behind in ruin lies—
Tho' future scenes may dark appear,
Believe that time will make them clear.
Time's course began with Adam's race,
And will keep up its fearful pace,
Till Gabriel's trump from shore to shore,
Proclaims that time shall be no more.

But time to man was wisely given,
To gain a blessed home in Heaven,
There in eternity's vast sea,
The power of time shall cease to be.

MARY.

Hudson, May 1847.

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Hudson, N. Y. January 31, 1846.

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